mannam.

the farthest limits of the greatest crowd.

and was heard above the loudest uproar.

There was a satirical and ironical deliber-

ation in the shrill invective thus uttered,

which produced a curious impression upon

of cold passion, if I may so speak, Ran-

dolph was never forgotten. The use which

several moments perfectly silent, with his

whom he addressed, or of whom he spoke,

and the ghostly finger and long angular

arm moving slowly up and down-when

Many anecdotes are related of the effect

produced by the voice and finger-as when

after a violent denunciation of his charac-

"Mr. Speaker, who is that gentleman?"-

his speeches, for they are exquisitely

choice in their phraseology; and no sen-

tence passed his lips which had not first

been framed and polished carefully, so to

speak, in his mind. Often his gestures

were dramatic and expressive—as when

take it back !" he said, and mounting his

horse without further words, rode off .-

Throughout his entire life, from the day

in March, 1799, when he mounted the

rostrum from which Patrick Henry had

just descended, to his sorrowful death in

acting, dressing and living, attracted uni-

SELECT MISCELLANY.

Wouldn't Marry A Mechanic.

A young man commenced visiting a

"What!-do you work for a living?"

"I dislike the name of mechanic," she

That was the last time the young me-

"Certainly," replied the young man.

versal attention.

quire where he had been.

best of women for a wife.

'I am a mechanic."

"I had to work to-night."

she inquired with astonishment.

der to support herself and children.

OLSINGER & HUTCHINSON,

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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT .- HENRY CLAY.

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1859.

For the Alleghanian. Spirit Longings.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

How the spirit in its longing, Yearns to turn the mystic page, And behold the doom of mortals, Poet, statesman, priest, and sage :-Longs to pass the guarded portals Of some glowing, far off land; Glowing but by touch of fancy With magician's magic hand. Sweet the grapes we see by fancy, Fair the pictured roses all, Bright they look upon the branches. They are withered when they fall,

Where's the heart that ne'er erected Air-built eastles fair, and high, Never dreamed of joys elysian, Cherished hopes of brilliant dye? Ne'er a future cast of pleasure, Seen a form of beauty's mould. Clasped an unseen hand, and wandered Through a land of gems, and gold. Ne'er a palace built of diamonds, Gathered grapes from forest bower; Sweet they look upon the branches When we t ste, they're cankered-sour.

Where are opes of early manhood Hopes which budded fair, and bright? They are vanished; they are withered, Buried in ollivion's night. Where the joys, hope said would meet us When anoth 'r page we'd turn Of life's chequered map? They're buried Deep in Time's old iron Urn. Maid upon hie's blooming portals, Boy upon the threshold home Gather fruits in childhood hours Ere in distant climes you roam.

Ere thy fathers voice doth vanish m the old saminar ball : Ere thy mother sleepeth sweetly, Where the wood-larks loudly call. Ere il y sister, ere thy brother, Roan, in distant lands away, Seatter roses o'er their pathway Scatter kind words while you may, For with once the mystic turning Of the future's darkened page, Ah I thy sad heart may be mourning Over griefs none may assuage.

Spirit longings for the future. Wishing present hours away; But to faste the cup of pleasurg Which may come another day, Ah ! the deep, the bitter anguish, When 'tis-spread before our eyes With no hue of what was promised, When we looked through fancy's guise. A) ! the pictures we have painted, Ah the brilliant hopes of yore. . They are heaped in memory's casket,

Who can lift the mystic veil, Who for tell the scenes awaiting, Who rep at life's wondrous tale? Without knowing, without seeing, None can r ad the page aright, Each will weave a joyous future, Though the resent have no light. Ah! vai v sp. it; ever longing To uplin the pystic vail, When its wage is read in real

Tmay lie well we cannot see What is written on her pages, What is fitte stern, strict decree, An ! if all were laid before us All that life has sad, or bright We would shrink-did not hope lead us Onward by her fairy light. Yet we're ever, ever wishing For another page to turn h - another leaf to wither Like he rest in "Memory's Urn."

September 1-1859 HORIBLE DEAT. FROM HYDROPHOBIA —A Frenchman died a. Louis last week of hydrophobia, four weeks atter being bitten by a mad dog. His agoings were as if an internal fire was consuming in In declares, "in silent and curious led to no calmer intervals, when water would be offered him, he would snatch the dipperand alteration in his costu-like either a greedily gulp the draught, upon which a made use of his privard by four blooded spasmodic closure of the glottis, and a coach dragged ward by four blooded sense of mortal strangulation as in lock borses, or a way drawn by a fast trotter. how would attach him and bring on the He was "nerally driven by Jupiter, his He was "Luba" was his familiar fiercest features of his madness. He body servant-"Juba" was his familiar would start viol ntly and snappishly at same, a warm-hearted and faithful retainthe bystenders, giving vent, with horribly er, and loved his master with extreme afcontorted feature, to noises resembling a furiou dog!

cient Superiority.—Many are suffi- and personal appearance, were the manner sees he muddy beds of dark unprepos- pitched, and, under strong excitement, it

A GRAPHIC SKETCH AND STRIKING CONTRAST.

singular appearance and peculiarities:every motion was distinctly revealed .bright eyes once so brilliant; midnight agony and groans had wasted the round ago." Then stooping forward and exten- from them all to find rest and repose in the cheeks :- between the smiling portrait of ding his arms as though he rolled a great little nook he has set apart for love! God of the aged man, there was scarcely any

resemblance to be discovered.

country-knit yarn stockings, or "hose," as they were then called. His shoes were of the old revolutionary fashion, with huge buckles-his coat ample, and buttoned tightly around his slender woman-like waist; his chin half buried itself in the folds of a great white cravat, and the dry flaxen hair was surmounted by a fur cap. The movements of this singular figure were as unique as the costume. In walking, Randolph followed the Indian fashion, placing the foot straight in front-the toes inclined neither inward nor outward. A fanciful mind might have attributed this peculiarity to his Indian blood, for he was descended in the seventh degree from the and slowly by starts, with head thrown and she-soft, verdant, silly, miserable back, and the keen eyes sparkling beneath the rim of his dark fur cap, often muttering to himself, to wake consciousness of the world around him, and stride on rap- you whose brothers are but dressed loafthe "observed of all observers." The metropolis of England, where physical pecu-living, for you may one day be heart, out of the great with the shall beat for him, and him alone. Lucky for him who, amidst the liarities and eccentricities are met with one of them yourself.

health, in joy and sorrow.

rose to's shrill key, which penetrated to

ger than the form of the orator of Virginia. In Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Richmond, he was the mark ginia. In Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Richmond, he was the mark of all eyes—to be pointed out with the finger. Boys often followed him, but rarely laughed, or indulged in those practical jokes so congenial to the mischietous minds of youth. They trooped after the follower is an an or woman should be revous minds of youth. They trooped after the first part of the first part o vous minds of youth. They trooped after Randolph, as one who witnessed the der." when introduced to a hard-working man. the millenium, The curse of God and every human being, disc on care who has the least amount of common sense, who has the least amount of common sense, ever rest upon such ladies as despise the sweeping out a bachelor's room, found a noble mechanies.

fection, and clung to him in sickness and first chill is felt, pour out about a pint and sir," was the reply. "And what did squeeze the juice of a couple of lemons do with it?" Kept it for my hosty." into it, and a little sugar to make it pala- The old bashelor disappeared. On a par with his singularity of dress table, drink it off, go to bed and cover up warm. One trial of this often cures, whilst two or three trials never fail.

bea. Bread is the staff of life.

The Wife.

"A home to go to."-Mrs. Ellis. Beautiful, inexpressible beautiful definition, suggestive of gentleness, affection, the listener. Once heard in his moments

rest! Yes, rest and home. Even I-I who have been a wanderer all my life long-who have never had a he made of his long thin forefinger is well fireside all my own-mine to be sat by the fireside-even I, lingering over that phase, can scarcely reconcile myself to the fact that I am not to some true and faithful heart that "being to go home to." Even I can shut my eyes and dream a those who were familiar with his habit dream of which that would be a blessed knew that he was selecting and arranging | reality.

I can see a cottage which love has made holy, nestling away in the sunny summer leaves, where the golden glory of sunset longest lingers, and the shadows latest reach. I can see the gentle wife, after a violent denunciation of his charac-ter and career by a young member of the through the open door, and down the House, he rose quietly, and stretching out lane to the turnpike where he is momentarily expected to appear. I can hear the hum of children's voices, and feel the riches, except it be in the distribution; It was impossible not to be interested in pressure of cool, fresh kisses, which come only from childhood's lips. I can read in the sudden flashing of her eye that there | the character, and if it is not firmly laid in is a step not too far distant for her im- youth, there will ever after be a weak patient ear to distinguish; and now I can spot in the foundation. see him, that impetuous, worldly man, leaving the world and its cares behind him to meet the being he has "come home to." There is a loving wife in his arms; "It is time for me to retire and stand be- there are children clambering his knees fore another tribunal," he said, solemnly, for kisses; there is peace, quietude, home, "where a verdict of acquittal will be of in- all around him, and the worldly man, finitely more importance than any from an | with the dust of city life on his spirit, earthly tribunal. Here is the trust which | with the knowledge of city cares and city you placed in my hands twenty-eight years | speculations teeming in his brain, turns Gilbert Stuart and the picture I looked on weight toward his hearers, "take it back! bless him, and God bless her—imaginary some female into the embraces of his ratthough they are; for while I witness their perfect love and content, I am remembering that I am still a wanderer. I wander dinner," says Boileu, "for I have observed with the knowledge that, had fate been that, when a company is waiting for a more propitious, I, too, might have had man, they make use of that time to load my loving heart, my sunny home, and my him with abuse." May, 1833, his peculiarities of speaking, loving children. But fate was inexorable, and when all this happiness might have in my manners," said a fine young farmer been, lies stark and bare before me the to his sweetheart. "No, indeed, you are panorama of two wasted lives. God help not, John; you have never hugged me us all ; we are not the architects of our vet. You are more sheep than bear." own destiny, let moralists say what they

I know that the world is full of homes that are no homes, of wives upon whose young woman, and appeared to be well artificial hearts no true husband could pleased. One evening he called when it call for sympathy, or upon mothers whose was quite late, which led the lady to in- bare, jeweled necks there is no room for childhood's fondling arms. I know all this, yet I cannot realize that it is so !-Love seems to me so sacred, marriage so holy a tie, that man's or woman's life should not be complete without it. Not the wild, ger. fierce, persistent love which burns itself out in its own fire-not the marriage of circumstance or convenience to which so many lives are devoted, but the pure, chanic visited the young woman. He is true, lasting love-the wedding of souls now a wealthy man, and has one of the that have grown dissolubly to each other -the uniting of hearts that neither time, of mechanic is now the wife of a miserable a union of soul, sense, and spirit, sure as log herein a doubt grow shops. Princess Pocahontas. Moving quickly fool,—a regular vagrant about grog-shops; death, and lasting as eternity. Pitiful, other most pitiful, that there are no more

girl-is obliged to take in washing in orunions. "A being to go home to!" Only the heart of man can toll how ruly, in every life, such a being is meded. No matter You dislike the name of mechanic, eh? figure was eminently calculated to attract the attention of every one, whether it moved over the familiar court greens of Virginia, or in the streets of Washington or ved over the familiar court greens of Vir-ginia, or in the streets of Washington or dignified and honorable personage of heav-London. In both of these cities he was en's creatures. Beware, young lady, by heart, out of the great wilderness of hearts, anticipations of a time to come when one

Lucky for him who, amidst the unreal spected who will not work, bodily or men-loves, and a wife who truly has anticipated tally, and who curl up their lips with scorn make up his mind that has anticipated

sixpence on the carpet, which he carried The following is in as an unfailing remedy for fever and ague: Just before
the chill come, nave a pot of very strong
coffeer and keep it hot, and when the
coffeer and keep it hot, and when the

ne A question for survey-Is a crazy terement a madhouse

Whiskey is life itself.

WIT AND WISDOM

THE AUTHOR'S HEAVEN .- A pla where there are no printers devils.

pen. Politeness is like an air-cushionthere may be nothing soft in it, but it eases jolts wonderfully.

It is a heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in chastity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth. Dearly I love a friend, yet a fee I

may turn to profit; friends show me that which I can do-foes teach me that which. I should do. Ber Catch not too soon at anoffense, nor

give too easy way to anger. The one shows a weak judgment, the other a per-Pat, what is the reason that you and your wife always disagree?" "Faith,

its kaze we're both of one mind; she wants to be master, and so do I !" Money, like manure, does no good till it is spread. There is no real use of

the rest is but conceit Truthfulness is a corner stone in

VERY GREEN .- "Jeff, why am you like the cedar?" "I guvs it up, Sam; I can't tell you." "Case you stays green both summer and winter.

POOR OLD LADY .- An old lady being told that the world was shortly coming to an end, exclaimed, "Oh! what shall I do

Le A Georgia editor accuses one of his cotemporaries of "dying his hair and trying to renovate his carcass so as to get tling bones."

"I never come late to a friend's

A HINT .- "I know I am a perfect bear

VERY PHILOSOPHICAL.-"If a doggie's tail is cut awf entirely, will it not inter-fere with his low-omowshun? "Not egzactly, it will not affect his carriage, but 'twould stop his waggin."

CAUTION.—An old lady, whose son was about to proceed to the Black Soa, among her parting admonitions gave him strict injunctions not to bathe in that Sea, for she did not want him to come home a nig-

Says Dick to Joe, "Did you attend church yesterday?" "I was confined to ry room," was the

"Ah, you her the room-atism, then," said Dick

per pe heard a good story told lately irish lady of this town who discovon her company to come and see a rattle snake with the box with the rattles in on its back.

A LEARNED SENATOR .- A distinguished senator senators are always distinguished-rose, a few days since, in his place, and solemnly offered a resolution to the effect that thermometers be placed in the Senate Chamber, and kept at twenty degrees above Fahrenheat.

A BROTH OF A BOY .- Testy Lawyer: "What's your business, my friend?" Exile of Erin: "Sure, and didn't Tim Mulrooney's wife's husband tell me that yer

DE Who was very angry when a joke you may do safely," replied a wag, "for dead men tell no tales.

A PENNY .- A good woman called on Dr. B— one my in a great deal of trouble and sa her son had swallowed a penny. "Pay, madam," said the Doctor,
"was it was the reply. "Then it will
by no" of course," rejoined the facetious

HOW THE ATLANTIC CABLE BROKE .-You remember the post gull who went down glued to the cable. His murder most foul has been amply revenged. His lead carcass was a bait for the hungry nonsters of the deep. To -and the cable sev to with Coart Journal

column, 22.00 inistrator's and Executir's Notices, 1.75 essional or Business Caus, not exeeding 8 lines, with paper per year, 5.00 Advertisements not marked with the mber of insertions desired, will be contintill forbidden, and charge according to

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der indent - v. La. R. Powers, which gev and in the sening at a o'clock. Jok. P. M. Prayer chool at 1 on the first k lay evening of each Fuerday, Toursday on ever ching, er cepting the first week Mathodist - REV. JOHN WILLIAMS,

r. - "read ing or ry Subbath evening at 6 o'clock. Sable th Secool at 10 o'clock. Prayer meeting every Friday evening Societ every "nesday evening ples - Pro. W . Ltovn, Paster -- Preach-

very link hath turning at 10 o'clock. Chapter -- REV. DAVID JENNINS, or -- Pre bing very Sabbath evening at lock. S. buth School at I o'clock, P. M. madie-3 F. M. J. MITCHELL, Puster .less over Sab' ath morning at 101 o'clock Vespers a 4 c clock in the evening.

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have Ebensurg on Mondays and Thurs-t, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

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ave Ebenshirg on Tuesdays and Satur-t at 7 o'clock, A. M.
Post Office open on Sundays from 9 o'clock, A.M.

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The Collector. - George birley.

An asor. - Richard T. David.

July of Election. - David J Jones.

Engectore - David. H. Banks, David.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

John Randolph of Roanoke.

Some forcible writer furnishes the New York "Century" a highly interesting article on the eloquent, but very eccentric John Randolph—called by one "the abor- known. He would sometimes stand for with a second self, dearer, if possible, than tive child of talent and notoriety." We extract the following in reference to his penetrating eye riveted upon the person "Let me introduce my sketch by a marked contrast. Over the fireplace of one of the apartments at Roanoke, hung, not many years ago, the portrait of a boy of twelve, by Gilbert Stuart. In the rosy in the depths of his mind the very words complexion, the bright plump cheeks, the and turns of phrase of sarcasm or invective laughing eyes, and beautiful lips of the which he designed. boy, you saw and felt the fresh charms of youth, the innocence and sweet grace of childhood. One who knew the original once, held up his hands and exclaimed, "I never saw such a beautiful boy!" His skin was peculiarly thin and delicate, and his arm, said, in calm, indifferent tones, the warm blood played visibly beneath .-In the happy eyes and ingenuous lips, was Randolph at twenty years of age. What was he at fifty, or even forty? I examined his portrait some time since with melancholy interest. The keen eyes fixed coldly and steadily on the beholder, defied every attempt to read the thought he rendered up his public trust, after the of the brain underneath. The hair par-Old Convention of which I have spoken. ted in the middle and gathered behind the cars, had lost the youthful gloss of old days, and was stiff and intractable. The bright cheeks had become sallow and shrunken. Bitter tears had dimmed the

Randolph's figure, like his face, was full of singular eccentricity. Tall, angular, thin as a shadow, he resembled rather some ghost from another world, than a veritable being of flesh and blood. His limbs were wonderfully slender, and the fashion of the time served to display this peculiarity to its fullest extent. He wore small clothes so tight that they seemed to be a part of his person; and the snowwhite stockings, fastened at the knees by a small gold buckle, fitted as close as the cuticle almost. Over these, and reaching midway the calf, were a pair of coarse,

Live as relies; nothing more.

Dark, nysterious, far off future, Sad may rise your anguished wail.

Tmay be well he future's mystic,

misguide as to imagine that supe- of speaking, tone of voice, gesticulation in consists in wealth or appearance; public address, and habits in general of a number for pearls are dug up the individual. His voice was high